

NO. 106.

Nijssen et al.

DAILY NEVADA STATE JOURNAL

PRICE OF DAILY JOURNAL,
12 1/2 CENTS PER WEEK.

BREVITIES.

The Daily Journal is only \$5 per year by mail.

O. H. E. Hardin went to Wabuska yesterday.

The weather is as beautiful as can be imagined.

Ed. Barber is a happy father for the second time.

R. L. Fulton and son came up from the Bay yesterday.

Capt. C. A. Bragg returned yesterday from San Francisco.

John Slavan is up from the Bay and not averse to making a good cattle trade.

Co. C. boys propose to give a dance at the Pavilion on Washington's Birthday.

Mason & Bradley sold fourteen car loads of cattle yesterday to Joe Wheeler. Price 6 cents.

The total value of county property owned by the several counties of Nevada foots up \$510,000.

The freight trains are heavily loaded these times. The train hands are kept going night and day.

The N. & C. train got in from Liegan yesterday. Guess the sun finally thawed it out of the snow bank.

Archie Turner, an old time Nevada, but of late years in Esmeralda county, died at Reno yesterday afternoon.

Senator John Torre, of Eureka, arrived from the Base Range yesterday morning, and departed for the Bay last night.

Supt. H. M. Xerington and wife returned from the East yesterday morning, and were taken to Carson on a special train.

If you don't read the JOURNAL you don't get the news. Only one bit a week, and the JOURNAL pays \$125 per month for its telegraphic report.

The Eureka Consolidated reports assets of \$50,000 above all liabilities. The stock is selling at \$4 per share, or at the rate of \$200,000 for the mine.

Hock Mason came in from Winnemucca last night and continued on to the Bay. He says there will not be a very great loss of range cattle, after all.

The amount paid out for wages on the Comstock mines last month was \$161,100, of which the California contributed \$39,000, or about 25 per cent.

The Weekly JOURNAL is a double sheet of 56 columns, and a good number. Only \$2 per year. The best weekly in the country, and everybody should send a copy to some friend.

The Daily JOURNAL is only one bit a week, delivered by carrier. Try it ten cents worth, and then put an extra nickel in the slot every two weeks. It is cheap at half the money.

Dr. H. H. Hogan departed for California last night, and will visit Los Angeles and San Diego before returning, but his main object is to visit San Francisco and assist Patin to sing, so he says.

Allen C. Bragg contemplates retiring from his position as Cashier of the Mint. Carson is too far away from Reno, and he can not serve two masters. Anyhow, he likes the climate of Reno.

The remains of E. Johnson, who died at Wadsworth Thursday morning, were brought up to Reno yesterday afternoon, and interred in the Hillside cemetery. A large number of Wadsworth friends followed the remains to the grave.

Mrs. Senator Stewart met with an accident in Washington Tuesday which might have been serious. She fell on Connection avenue and struck her head against the wall of a house and cut herself quite seriously. She also badly sprained her hand and knee. She is resting somewhat easier.

The management of the Gould & Curry are rather amused at the statement that millions have been extracted from the mine, for which they are now asked to account. Since 1865 the total amount of ore extracted has not exceeded 800 tons, and that has been worked at a loss to the company. The litigants will, it is believed, have a tough time in attempting to prove their statements when the matter gets aired in court.

Con. Cal. & Va. January Bullion Yield
The Virginia Chronicle says the January bullion yield of the Con. Cal. & Va. was about \$85,000. The falling off was of course due to the forced suspension of ore extraction on account of the blockade of the V. & T. railroad, preventing its shipment to the Carson river mills. The operating expenses of the mine for that month were correspondingly reduced as a majority of the employees were drafted after the middle of the month. The yield, however, will fall considerably short of covering January disbursements. The yield of the mine the current month will also fall below the usual average as ore trains were not running regularly over the road until yesterday.

Weight of Snow.
A cuss who likes to figure for no earthly purpose has been calculating on the weight of snow. He calculates that at the time the snow lay deepest, about eight feet each square foot of ground sustained about 50 pounds weight of snow. A "pace" a little more than six feet square sustains a ton. On one acre there would be 2,178,000 pounds, or 1,089 tons of snow. On a square mile there would be 1,493,960 tons.

Latest Stocks.

Ophir, 3 3/4 b, 3 80a
Mexican, 2 70b, 2 80a
Gould & Curry, 1 40b, 1 45 a
Best & Belcher, 2 1/2, 2 80
Con. Cal. & Va., 4 70
Savage, 1 65
Potosi, 1 90, 1 95
Gale & Norcross, 2 90
Green Point, 1 60
Yellow Jacket, 2 05b, 2 10a
Belcher, 1 85, 1 90
Imperial, 25c
Alpha, 1
Sierra Nevada, 1 95b, 2a
Utah, 60c b, 65c a
Bullion, 60c b, 65c a
Eschquer, 55c
Seg. Belcher, 1 40b, 1 45a
Overman, 1 05
Justice, 1 80
Union Con., 2 35
Alta, 1 1/2
Julia, 30c
Occidental, 65c b, 70c a
Scorpion, 20c
Andes, 50c
Grand Prize, 35c b, 40c a
Navajo, 30c b, 35c a
Belle Isle, 20c b
North Belle Isle, 70c
Queen, 65c
Commonwealth, 3 40, 3 45
North Commonwealth, 75c
Peer, 15c b, 20c a
Crocker, 15c b, 20c a
Peerless, 20c

The Ice Crop.

The Truckee Republican says of the ice crop:
"The warm weather for the past few days has caused the ice companies to suspend further work in the line of harvesting ice. There has been a little ice put up this week. It has been reported all along in Truckee that no ice would be put up at Prosser Creek. Where this report came from no one knows, but certainly it is not true. Sam Williams was up from there to-day and stated that 6,000 tons of ice had been put up by the Sierra Lakes Co. at Prosser Creek. They have two houses full and one partly filled. They will put up no more ice this year. At Boca about 6,000 tons have been housed and there remains about 13,000 tons on the pond yet. This is yet sold, and should a freeze come soon it will be saved. The Floriston Co. has put up some, but how much is not known. The Tahoe Co. has its ice on the pond yet. It is still sound but will require a freeze before it can be cut. Not over 25,000 tons has been harvested along the river as against 100,000 tons at this date last year. Just now it looks as though the ice crop would fall short of supplying the demand."

Dr. Biber Heard From.

The London Tablet says that amongst other persons who were granted an audience by the Holy Father recently were Mr. Betz, of Philadelphia, and Dr. Biber, of Nevada, who are proprietors of gold and silver mines in Nevada. They brought his Holiness a large offering in money, and also expressed to the Holy Father the devotion which their Catholic workmen had for him. The Pope took great interest in what they told him about the mines, and asked many questions with regard to the way they were worked.

January Dividends.

During the month of January San Francisco incorporations paid an aggregate of \$1,107,055 in dividends, against \$1,120,600 in the same month last year. The banks disbursed \$562,255, gas companies \$68,200, water companies \$19,500, insurance companies \$87,000, powder companies \$37,800, street railroad companies \$12,500, sugar companies \$80,000, mining companies \$210,500, and miscellaneous companies \$10,250.

Don't Count Me.

The Chico Enterprise remarks that it can quite understand the position of the capitalist who was in a private room of the Peerless saloon in San Francisco with a woman when Arnold murdered Garneves. It was, the Enterprise says, akin to the position of the Democrats in Congress—he was there, but he did not want to be counted.

Supreme Court Order.

The Supreme Court of Nevada has ordered "that the fifteen days' time, within which petitions for rehearing shall be presented, shall commence to run upon publication of the opinions and decisions in the Territorial Enterprise, a daily newspaper published in Virginia City, Nevada."

Grass Started.

The Silver State, of Thursday, says: Asa Moore and Gerhart Miller, of Paradise, came to town yesterday to load with hay. They say the grass is started on the Willow Point meadows, which are now tinged with green, and the prospects for green feed in the foothills early in March are good.

Heavy Showers.

The Silver State, of Thursday, says: Night before last half an inch of rain fell and several heavy showers yesterday increased the fall. The ground which has been thirsty for two or three years, not only absorbed the water from the melted snow, but also the rain.

Board of Trade Meeting.

There will be a meeting of the Directors of the State Board of Trade (Saturday) afternoon at 1.30 o'clock at the room of the First National Bank.

Two strangers met each other on the street corner and were drawn to each other by mutual recognition.

"Seems to me I've seen you before. I am the Sixty-Thousand-Dollar Government Building," said one smiling.

"Shake" responded the other, cordially grasping him with both hands, "I'm the Military Post."

George O. Thaxter, of Carson, has gone East for a short visit. His first stopping place will be St. Louis, and from there he will go to Cleveland and Washington.

The old Leopard mine in Cornucopia district, Elko county, has been leased to tributaries, who are taking out fair grade ore.

Advice to Mothers.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female nurses and physicians in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents bottle. feb. 21-sf-ly

Notice.

On and after July 19, 1889, George Becker, proprietor of the Reno Soda and Bottling works, will fill and deliver in Reno:
Soda, cream and lemon, per doz. . . . 50
Sarsaparilla, per doz. . . . 50
Ginger ale, per doz. . . . 75
Sarsaparilla w/ Iron, per doz. . . . 75
Pacific bottled beer, per case . . . 3 50
Fredricksburg San Jose beer, per case 3 50

Excellent, reliable and economical are the stoves and ranges sold by Lange & Schmitt. Every house and store should have them. Call and inspect before purchasing.

Go to Lange & Schmitt's for ranges, and cook stoves. Best assortment in the State.

WHAT ON EARTH

Is the reason people will not, can not or do not see any difference in cheap nostrums put up by cheap John houses or irresponsible parties at enormous profits, rather than take a medicine of world wide reputation and one that is giving universal satisfaction at equal price? No medicine in the world is giving such unparalleled satisfaction for purifying the blood as BERRY'S BLOOD PURIFIER AND BLOOD MAKER, and every bottle that does not do its work will cost you nothing.

OSBURN & SHOEMAKER, Druggists.

When Baby was sick,
We gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child,
She cried for Castoria.
When she became a Miss,
She clung to Castoria.
When she had Children,
She gave them Castoria.

The General Government can not hope to derive much more benefit from the sales of its lands in Nevada unless it does something towards reclaiming them, and if the State is willing to shoulder the burden we can see no objection to giving her a trial.—Gazette.

ROYAL
BAKING
POWDER
Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 105 Wall street, New York.

THE PALACE

—IS—

RENO'S LEADING HOTEL

—IT HAS—

Light Sunny Rooms,
Restaurant Attached,
Fine Billiard Parlor.

EVERY ATTENTION PAID TO GUESTS. Polite and comfortable accommodations in every department. The house is first-class throughout, is open day and night, and every attention is shown travelers.

AL. WHITE.

UNION SALOON.

NORTHWEST CORNER OF VIRGINIA AND Second Streets,

RENO.

CHASE & CHURCH, Proprietors.

The best quality of

WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.

Fine Billiard and Pool Tables attached for the accommodation of guests.

e Moore's Brands of Whisky a Specialty

Call and See Us.

R. W. PARRY,

PROPRIETOR OF

BUREKA

Livery, Feed and Sale Stable,

STOCK CORNERS AND SCALES,

Reno, Nevada. First-Class Stable Turn-outs Transient Stock Carefully Provided For.

CHARGES TO SUIT THE TIMES

MISCELLANEOUS.

Be Sure

If you have made up your mind to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to take any other. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a peculiar medicine, possessing, by virtue of its peculiar combination, proportion, and preparation, curative power superior to any other article. A Boston lady who knew what she wanted, and whose example is worthy imitation, tells her experience below:

To Get

"In one store where I went to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla the clerk tried to induce me to buy their own instead of Hood's; he told me their's would last longer; that I might take it on ten days' trial; that if I did not like it I need not pay anything, etc. But he could not prevail on me to change. I told him I knew what Hood's Sarsaparilla was. I had taken it, was satisfied with it, and did not want any other."

Hood's

When I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I was feeling real miserable, suffering a great deal with dyspepsia, and so weak that at times I could hardly stand. I looked, and had for some time, like a person in consumption. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me so much good that I wonder at myself sometimes, and my friends frequently speak of it." Mrs. ELZA A. GORE, 61 Terrace Street, Boston.

Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by H. HOOD & CO., Apolthecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

RICHARD HERZ,
RENO, NEVADA.



—PARTICULAR ATTENTION PAID TO—
Engraving and Watch Repairing

STANDARD TIME TAKEN BY TRANSIT

C. NOVACOVIC H. J. BERRY.

BERRY & NOVACOVICH,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

STAPLE AND FANCY GOODS

GREEN AND DRIED FRUIT,

Vegetables, Hardware, Crockery, Glassware

TOBACCOES, WINES, LIQUORS AND

CIGARS.

All the novelties in Fancy Groceries. No need to send away for choice goods. Cash trade solicited, and satisfaction guaranteed.

RENO LIVERY AND FEED STABLE,

Opposite the R. R. Depot, Reno.

J. A. POTHOFF, PROPRIETOR.

Horses, Buggies and Saddle Horses

—TO LET—

Best Turnouts Constantly on Hand.

Horses Boarded by the Day, Week or Month.

PALACE RESTAURANT,

IN PALACE HOTEL, . . . RENO, NEVADA.

J. GODFREY, Proprietor.

MEALS AT ALL HOURS,

DAY OR NIGHT.

OYSTERS IN EVERY STYLE

The public can rest assured that the Palace Restaurant will be maintained in a first-class manner.

PINNIGER.

APOTHECARY,

Corner Virginia Street and

Commercial Row.

NOTICE.

THE COLLECTOR OF THE RENO Water Company has been instructed to strictly enforce the rules and regulations of the company. By order of the President.

RENO WATER CO.

NEVADA BUSINESS.

ADVERTISE IN THE DAILY AND WEEKLY JOURNAL. Established 25 years. If you want to do business in Nevada, advertise in the JOURNAL.

PALACE DRY GOODS STORE.

SILK DEPARTMENT!
22-inch Black Grosgrain Silk
90 cts. Per Yard.
22-inch Faille Silk, Special,
\$1 50 Per Yard.

DRESS GOODS!
For the next two weeks we shall offer our entire stock of
DRESS GOODS
At Greatly Reduced Prices.

PALACE

Dry Goods and Carpet House.

Great January Cloak Sale!

NO NEED TO TELL THAT THE WEATHER HAS NOT FAVORED CLOAK BUSINESS UP TO NOW. The remedy for such ills as a big Cloak Stock is to sell without reserve, no matter what the sacrifice. The public will get the benefit just at a time when a Cloak will be of the most comfort it will be a

A Slaughter Sale of Cloaks in Mid-Winter.

Monday morning, January 8th, we inaugurate this great sale, and in order to get the first choice we would advise intending purchasers to call early. This is a genuine February cloak sale in January

LADIES' CLOAKS.

Three checked Ostrachan trimmed Newmarkets, former price, \$5, January price, \$3 50
Ten black diagonal cloth Newmarkets, former price, \$7 50, January price, \$5.
Five black diagonal cloth Newmarkets, trimmed in Ostrachan, former price, \$9, January price, \$5 50.
Two striped Scotch cloth Newmarkets, former price, \$9, January price, \$6 50.

Ladies' Sealette Jackets and Wraps.

Three Sealette Jackets, quilted satin lining, former price, \$15, January price, \$12 50

Two Sealette Modjeska wraps, quilted satin lining, former price, \$20, January price, \$16.

Ladies' Jackets sold only at uniformly low prices.

MISSSES' CLOAKS

Here our styles are unlimited. We have the best assorted line in these goods. We offer children's cloaks—ages 4 to 10—\$2 50, \$3 50, \$5, etc., a piece.

In connection with the above we will offer during this sale 20 dozen Ladies' Merino Vests and Pants at the nominal price of 25 cents each; 15 dozen Misses all wool full finish Cashmere hose in solid colors at 25 cents a pair.

Respectfully,

The Palace Dry Goods House

Country Orders Receive Prompt and Careful Attention.

HEADQUARTERS FOR CLOAKS AND DRESS GOODS.

H. J. THYES.

H. J. THYES,

—WHOLESALE DEALER IN—

WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS,

First National Bank Building, Reno, Nevada.

Sole Agent for the State of Nevada for Schmidt & Co.'s Sarsaparilla and Iron Water, from Stockton, Cal.

And Idanha Mineral Water and Ginger Ale from Idaho Soda Springs.

I also handle Sierra Beer from Boon, Cal., exclusively. Trade and Families supplied. Good delivered free of charge in town.

FIRST-CLASS SIDEBOARD.

W. O. H. MARTIN.

W. O. H. MARTIN,

—DEALER IN—

Shelf Hardware, Bar Iron, Barbed Wire,

Steel, Cumberland Coal, Lime, Plaster, Cement,

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS

Buckeye And all Other Kinds of Machine Extras :
Specialty.

GROCERIES, LIQUORS, TINWARE AND CROCKERY.

Agent for Empire Mower.

Commercial Row, Reno, Nevada.

FOLSOM & WELLS.

S. O. WELLS. L. D. FOLSOM.

FOLSOM & WELLS,

In Masonic Building, corner Sierra St. and Commercial Row,

Keeps Everything in the Line of

HARDWARE, GROCERIES,

AND GENERAL PROVISIONS.

They Sell at Bedrock Prices and Guarantee Satisfaction.

Their Stock is Second to None in Either Quality or Assortment.

GIVE THEM A CALL AND BE CONVINCED.

AVENGED HIS OWN DEATH

A MORTALLY WOUNDED SCOUT MANAGED TO KILL NINE INDIANS.

He knew the Red Man's Weakness and Prepared for It—A Startling Tale of Adventure in the Dangerous Apache Country—The Messenger's Story.

From Fort Abraham Lincoln to Fort Sully, both on the upper Missouri river, is a bee line of 100 miles, but the distance as a rider has to make it is fully 200 miles. It is on record that the first dispatch passing between those posts was carried in my pocket, and that at a time when hostile Indians almost besieged both forts. It was on this ride, and about forty miles above Sully, that a strange incident occurred. From Fort Union to Yankton, a distance of 500 miles, the Missouri runs along a chain of mountains on the east, while on the west there is scarcely a hill to be found. While the route down the east bank is naturally more difficult, it is also more sheltered, and that is the route I took on the occasion referred to. While there were plenty of Indians in the mountains and in the mountain valleys, there were none of them on the plains, and my journey was considered such a forlorn hope that wagers were made at Fort Lincoln that I would never be heard of again.

ABNER JOHNSON'S MULE.

I had a mustang which had traveled over more of the country than any man living, and in all matters pertaining to frontier life he was as well posted as four men out of five. Armed with a Winchester and revolver, and rather proud to be the one selected out of five scouts to make the trip, I left Fort Lincoln just at dusk one evening in July and proceeded five miles down the river before crossing over. A reconnaissance in force a day or two before had driven the hostiles back, but I might count on finding them within seven or eight miles. I had scarcely forded the river when a mule, which had evidently been in hiding in a thicket near by, came forward with a low whinny, and appeared greatly pleased to see me.

A brief inspection proved that he belonged to a scout named Abner Johnson, who had been dispatched from Fort Lincoln to Fort Ransome, 150 miles to the east, ten or twelve days before. The saddle was in place, blanket, coffee pot and other articles secured as usual, and the mule was intact. I was satisfied that Johnson had been shot from the saddle. Nothing could have induced the mule to run away from him while alive. The animal, as I figured it, was making for the fort, and was about fording the stream when the noise of our passage alarmed him and he hid himself to see whether I was friend or enemy. I sought to drive him into the water and on his way, but he was determined to accompany me, and, after finding him obstinate, I slipped the rein from his mouth, that he might snatch at the grass, and rode off, with him a close follower.

I did not intend to travel far that night, the main object being to get beyond the hostile lines and take an early start next morning. Up to the time of crossing the river my mustang's feet had been muffled with oak sacks, so that he could leave no trail. There had been no rain for two or three weeks, and no living Indian could have traced me. Once across the stream I removed the bags, I should leave a plain trail, but must thereafter trust to luck and my own sagacity. It was a starlight night, and as I rode forward I routed up a deer or other wild game every fifty yards. This satisfied me that no Indians were near, and I continued my ride until midnight. By this time I was at least twenty miles below the fort, and I went into camp to wait for daylight. Going into camp consisted of unloading the two animals, rolling myself in a blanket and plunging down at the roots of a cottonwood. I was asleep in five minutes, and when I opened my eyes it was daylight.

A HIGH OLD TIME.

The animals were close at hand, and each had his nose in the air and was scenting like a dog. I was hardly on my feet before I smelled fire. There was a light breeze blowing up the valley, and the camp fire was below me, or in the direction I proposed to go. I moved into the belt of timber, and began to crawl forward for an observation, and after going about a quarter of a mile I saw the smoke. I waited five minutes before advancing nearer, but seeing no movement I crept forward. I saw the body of a white man lying on the ground under the trees. I knew it was by the dress, and now, thinking I had come upon a government scout or some white hunter, I rose up and advanced into the camp. No man ever made a more appalling discovery. It was the body of Abner Johnson, dead and horribly mutilated, and between him and the river, a distance of twenty feet, lay the dead body of nine Indian warriors.

While a glance sufficed to prove that they were dead, it took me some time to satisfy myself as to the cause. I finally found a stone bottle holding about two quarts, which I remembered to have seen in Johnson's possession. It had contained whisky, but was now empty. The posture of the bodies was proof that every warrior had died of poison, but I did not know until a month later that Johnson fixed up the dose before leaving Fort Ransome on his return. He seemed to have a presentiment that he would be captured, and he bought two quarts of whisky and dosed it with strychnine, knowing that it would surely revenge him.

Johnson had evidently been driven out of his direct course. As I saw by scouting over the ground he was well in the lead of his nine pursuers when a chance shot from a rifle struck him in the right hip and tumbled him from his saddle. His mule had gone on, and the Indians had gone into camp to torture the wounded man. They had cut off his left ear, gashed his cheeks, severed three or four toes and inflicted other cruelties, while the poison which they had imbibed in the whisky began to work.

There must have been a high old time among them for half an hour, during which interval the prisoner probably died to death. Johnson's eyes were wide open, and if the eyes of the dead can reflect anything his surely reflected exultation. The ponies of the Indians were in a grassy dell a quarter of a mile away, and each was hobbled. It seemed an awful wicked thing to do, but I approached each one in turn and drove my knife to his hocks. Then I gathered up the saddles and blankets and lariats and flung them into the river. I took the rifle, tomahawks, knives, wampum and head dresses of the nine warriors and made up a load for the mule, and after covering Johnson's body with brush and stones to keep it from the vultures I went forward on my journey, which was completed without a further incident worth mentioning.—San Francisco Examiner.

"Kill Him Where He Is."

Charlotte Cushman used to relate an incident that happened in a theatre where she was performing. It seems that a man in the gallery made such a disturbance that the play would not proceed. Cries of "Throw him over!" arose from all parts of the house, and the noise became furious. All was tumultuous chaos until a sweet and gentle voice was heard in the pit exclaiming, "No, I pray you, don't throw him over! I beg of you, dear friends, don't throw him over, but—kill him where he is!"

Some Stage Effects.

The howling of the wind, which adds so much to the realism of a scene sometimes, is produced by a very simple contrivance, consisting of two wheels and a string. The string forms a "belt" connecting the two wheels, and when they are turned, hums, the sound rising or falling in pitch as the wheels are turned more or less rapidly.

An equally simple arrangement provides the lightning of the stage. Through the flame of a candle is thrown a pinch of powder of magnesium, the flash producing the desired effect. Since the introduction of electric lights into theatres, however, an electrical apparatus has, in some instances, superseded the old method.

Nor has the use of electricity in theatrical representations stopped with lightning. In some of the great productions like those of the Kraliya, in which large bodies of men and women are needed in marches and other spectacular effects, electric signals are used governing the progress and half of the action, and even furnishing the cues to the actors and actresses who are in individual places, thus taking the place of the old time call boy. Electric footlights, etc., have long since ceased to be a novelty, their only disadvantage being the impossibility of furnishing "half lights," as electric lamps cannot be dimmed without being entirely extinguished. To offset this fact, however, is the lessening of danger of fire. In this respect electricity, as a means of theatre lighting, undoubtedly possesses great advantage over gas.

The possibility of fire, caused by the inflammable nature of the scenery, etc., where a stage is filled, has always been the greatest of all the evils that drive sleep away from managerial circles. In some cities ordinances are in effect which compel the presence of a fireman, provided with ready attached hose, at each performance, and great precautions in the way of globular wire screens for gas jets, etc., must necessarily be taken. Among other means to prevent the entrance of the fire fiend into the theatres is "fireproof paint," a coat being applied to scenery, walls and such of the "properties" as can stand it.

Asbestos and iron curtains are coming into general use, too, in the larger play houses, where they can be lowered in front of the auditorium in case of an emergency. Such an arrangement, it is said, would prevent the spread of a fire from the stage to the auditorium or vice versa, and might, in the former circumstance, prevent a panic in the audience. As most of the people killed in all the great theatre fires have died in the panic following the discovery of the flames, this is an important consideration.

Wooden Overcoat.

In this inventive age new uses of common things are continually being discovered. When car wheels are made of paper, and paper is used in the construction of an automobile, it is not surprising that it will be done next. It was in what we already begin to think of as "old times," however—twenty-five years ago—that the wooden overcoat was invented; during what is still called "the war."

According to the historians of the Fifty-first Pennsylvania regiment, Col. Hartman—afterward Governor Hartman—was made of it, although it is not clear that he was the actual inventor of it.

Its construction was simple, and, as will be seen, it was not intended for comfort but for discipline. It consisted of a barrel with the head knocked out, and a hole cut in the bottom big enough for a man's head to pass through.

One day a soldier had been guilty of breaking guard and going off to town, and on getting back was arrested and put into an "overcoat"—that is to say, a barrel prepared in this manner was slipped over his head, and he was compelled for a certain time to wear it.

Pretty soon one of his comrades came along, eating an apple.

"Give me one," said the man in the barrel. But when the other man offered him one, he said, "I don't want it." The prisoner's arms were not so long as the barrel, and were under it. An apple in his hand might as well have been at the bottom of the sea. But hunger spared his ingenuity.

"Put it on top of the barrel," said he. Then he began to twist his body this way and that to make the apple roll about until it should come within reach of his mouth.

Before this was accomplished, however, he hit his toe against a stone or a root, and having no use of his arms, over he went, and landed into a ditch. His helplessness may be imagined; he could not stir until his fellow soldiers set him up again.—Youth's Companion.

How to Mate Canaries.

"How do you mate canary birds?" repeated a fancier, after a patron's question yesterday. "Why, take three or four birds of both sexes and hang their cages around in the same room. They begin to chirp. The average observer would probably note nothing particular about their chirping, but, if his attention were called to it, he could soon observe that the birds select which one they will chirp to, and that certain couples begin chirping only to themselves. They drop their singing altogether when so kept together, and only take to each other in uninterrupted courting. When the style of address and speech and sentiments of the canaries please each other at this distance it is not always sure that they will mate.

"They are easily deceived with each other, and after the marriage ceremony, which consists of putting them in the same cage with the hopeful blessings of the man who wants to raise some birdings, they may fight like stove and tongs. But generally their voices pleasing each other's ears signifies more than a mere flirtation, and means they will love each other forever and ever. Just as when you see a young man and woman hang over the same piano and chirping 'White Wings' together. It doesn't always mean success in married life, but it usually does. I generally give a ten for or five eggs. She hatches them in three weeks, and I get \$4 apiece for all I can raise."—Lancaster Examiner.

Card Writers.

A business that used to be worth several thousand dollars a year to more than one young man in St. Louis has gradually decayed until it is now almost extinct. The card writers you see in the hotel lobbies now writing visiting cards for people hardly make their salt. A few years ago the crowd around their tables on holiday occasions was so big that men would get into line and willingly wait their turn for an hour, paying them \$1 or \$2 for a dozen or a score of plain white cards with their name written on them, almost concealed by flourishes. I used to be in that business myself, and on the nights before Christmas and New Year's I have many a time had to hire a hack to go home in, because I had too much silver to carry comfortably. When I was crowded I used to employ three card writers, who sat at tables and wrote the cards while I took the orders and the money. Sometimes a man, seeing himself near the end of the line, and anticipating a long wait, would catch my eye and throw me a \$5 bill. He would get his cards but no change. I have even had as much as \$10 paid me for twenty cards. But written cards went entirely out of style, engraved cards got cheap and, and now the hotel card writer thinks he's lucky if he makes \$5 after sitting at his desk all day.—Interview in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

CONJURY IN THE KITCHEN.

How Some Restaurants Impose Upon the Principles of Economy.

Washingtonians who are in the habit of drawing their ideas of economy from long theoretical dissertations on that subject, or attempting to draw wizard-like adroitness to attain astonishing results in cooking from the manifold intricacies of a French chef's reminiscences, can find some striking bits of information from a bird's-eye view of the kitchen of a bustling Washington restaurant when the city is filled with visitors. Indeed, there is a good deal to learn when "all is quiet along the Potomac," and the capital city is slowly moving on in the even tenor of its way. Take a seat at one of the slippery marble top tables, call for and eat an eye over the inspiring bill of fare placed on the cold, business like slab before you.

Here you see four or five kinds of soup done up in the purest and most stylish French manner. "Potage a la purée de pommes de terre," "potage au riz," "potage aux concombres," "aux pois chiches," etc., etc. There are also on the list many kinds of fish, half a dozen assorted roasts, all kinds of vegetables known to agricultural science, any number of made dishes, pies, puddings and pastries to suit any fastidious palate.

Looking over the bill of fare with the waiter bending attentively with a patronizing hunter over your shoulder, one hand on the table, the other on the back of the chair, one, who did not know, would imagine that to prepare and keep this immense list of eatables, or the materials subject to order, would require an extensive range, numerous cooks of high and low degree, plenty of room and space, and as much crockery as may be found in any one of our leading queensware establishments.

It is perfectly natural and excusable, therefore, to be surprised when this delusion is dispelled and the cold fact laid bare that the entire culinary department is usually no larger, if not much smaller, than many of the kitchens of small families, in Washington, and that generally one cook, with an alleged dish washer or two, comprises the entire catering outfit.

Peep through the opening made by a broken slate in the swinging door or the slit punched in the time honored screen, which are used for concealing the inner workings from the outer world. Here comes a waiter, fighting and scrambling through of his kind, yelling out: "One vegetable soup." See the Japanese juggler of edibles deftly slide the lid from a large boiler of clear soup made from the bones and scraps of beef, mutton, chicken, veal, etc. Whether these bones have been picked once by the customer at the tables in front or not is a question no one should insist upon being answered. This is a time when you must have a large bank account of blind faith to draw upon. Out of this boiler the chef secures the desired amount of clear soup and into it he hops in quick succession a little dab from each pot of a row of boiled vegetables. He gives this a vigorous stir, and presto! pours into the plate your vegetable soup.

Is it consomme you wish. If so, he pours into this clear stock some brown thickening fluid and there you are. If macaroni, a pot of boiled macaroni is sent hand, and he forks a few strings into the same clear stock. A big tin can of condensed oat soup stands on a handy shelf, and a spoonful of this lends its flavor if that kind is wanted. A little white kidney and a kidney from another pot makes a kidney stew in short order. A good deal of rice, some thickening and a handful of curry powder and you have your curry. And so on.

See him wield that magic wand, which looks so much like the carving knife we all use at home. Roast lamb and roast mutton come from the same joint at its touch, or by the aid of a peculiar sauce and some jelly a slice of venison will lay before you. Veal is veal, or it is chicken for salad, or turkey for fricassee, or rabbit for stew, or it is lamb for flavor, just as he desires and the order demands.

As for the matter of desserts the plum pudding and fruit cake are the same, except one is served hot with sauce and the other is cold. The boiled rice used for the curry or rice soup with milk, sugar and a little nutmeg becomes rice pudding instantly. Tapioca and sago come out of the same dish for furnishing all the improved concoctions of those two palatable articles.

Thus he goes ahead with cunning ingenuity, never at a loss to furnish promptly any dish on the bill of fare, no matter whether there is a particle of the desired article in store or not. There is one thing, however, among a few others, and a few only, which defies his craftiness, and that is the boiled egg. When "boiled" is called for, a boiled egg, pure and simple, is the only thing that will answer. No left-over-from-Easter, China or painted wooden substitute can fill the bill. But then the yolk of an egg can impart to his greasy looking white butter a beautiful golden hue and enter into other magical combinations with him which go a great way toward extenuating its refusal to be imitated in a boiled capacity.—Washington Star.

New Postmen of the Air.

As swallows often fly through long distances at a very great height it follows that they are excellent pathfinders. It remains yet to be found out how they set out for their autumnal journey to the south, and they start at night, but it is supposed that the young birds are taught by the parents the direction in which to fly. It has, however, been quite recently ascertained that a single bird is able to find its way back from a very long distance. In the dancing room of a restaurant in a village not far from Dusseldorf, a number of swallows have their nests on a rafter which runs across the room, under the ceiling. In September last three of the parent birds were taken from their nests and a gentleman, traveling to Berlin, took them by train and gave them their liberty at different stations. Each bird had a narrow red ribbon tied round one leg, but all three had by some means torn this off, and were, consequently, not recognized immediately after their return. After two days, however, all the nests were examined and it was found that the wanderers had returned to them.—The Intelligence of Swallows.

His Lovely Innocence.

It had rained all the long, dreary day, and Little Lord Fauntleroy's golden curls were bedraggled and wet, and his nice collar hung limp down his slender shoulders, when he came home at 4:15 o'clock and tossed his school books at the end which lay by the hearth.

"Grandpa," he said softly, as he came to where the old man was quietly sitting, smoking and thinking, "I thought all brides were of the female sex."

"They are, child, they are. Why do you make such an odd remark?"

"Because, grandpa, in looking over my geography lesson I came upon the Hebrides. Are they females, too? And if so, why are they called 'her'?" And the little lord peered into his grandpa's face with an anxious, eager look in his goggle blue eyes, which showed how great was his desire to be informed correctly.

"Go away, child, you weary me," said the old man. And Little Lord Fauntleroy crept sadly away and did not smile again even once all the remainder of the day.—Albany Express.

Asia's Ablest Soldier.

Nearly forty years ago in South Huntington township, Westmoreland county, lived John Hinton. He was an orphan boy, rude and uneducated, and had wandered from the neighborhood of Masonville, Fayette county. With no known relatives, he was kicked out one family to another till, exhausted, he found his way to the war. At his close he helped to escort the Cherokees beyond the Mississippi. From Indian territory he went to New Orleans and shipped as a common sailor on a vessel bound for the East India. At the Bay of Madras, on the western shores of the Bay of Bengal, he deserted and enlisted in a British regiment. He served many years, and during the memorable Sepoy rebellion was noted for his daring bravery. At his discharge he was presented with a gold medal by the governor general.

He is next heard of traveling in a caravan from Delhi westward across the Indus river, through Afghanistan and Persia, to Turkey and back. In time from trading he became immensely wealthy and was the owner of five caravans, containing 13,000 horses and camels and fifty elephants. In 1875 he visited Kabul, the capital of Afghanistan, for copper; great quantities of which are there mined and smelted. His magnificent retinue attracted the attention of the ameer and he was invited to an audience, an honor never before received by a Christian. A present of 100 of his best horses and a three-hooped elephant made the ameer his eternal friend. When, with his years of service, he retired, yearly it was followed by similar presents, besides camels and merchandise. John Hinton gained the monopoly of trade from the summit of the Hindoo Koosh mountains to the confines of the Beloochistan, and in real power is second only to the ameer himself.

About 1880 he was made military commander of the district of Herat, and in 1888 suppressed a local rebellion to the great satisfaction of his sovereign. Trained in the arts of war among the savages of North America and among the superstitious natives of India, where he became thoroughly familiar with British soldiers and their resources, together with his years of service, the ideal commander of the Mohammedan tribes to tens of thousands half-civilized men, he is today the ablest soldier in Asia.—Somerset County (Pa.) Democrat.

Tanning an Elephant's Hide.

It weighed about 1,200 pounds and was about an inch and a third thick. After being put in a reservoir of pure water to green it, it was beaten for one hour every day with an iron on a large anvil. After being beaten ten days in water with about 4 per cent. of salt, then it was replaced in pure water again for twenty days. During those forty days it was constantly in soak.

The head and feet, weighing about 500 pounds, were then removed and the skin hung on spikes in the drying room. After hanging one day it was put in a vat containing potash and a small quantity of sulphur of sodium in the following proportions: Water, 1,000 parts; slacked lime, 25 parts; potash, 3 parts; sulphur of sodium, 2 parts. After being two days in this bath it was rinsed in pure water of a temperature of 20 deg., when it was again placed in the drying room. After the double operation was repeated three times the skin was ready to have the hair taken off. This operation occupied about one day's time and gave about seventy-five pounds of hair. Another day was spent in cleaning and scraping. By this time it lost 30 per cent. of its weight. The operation of its preparation lasted two months and it went through the same course as cowhide, with the difference that each phase of the work took three times as much time. The skin should be stretched in the pit and placed in the middle of cowhides. Six layers of powder are then thrown in; two first, two second, and two third layers. Altogether the tanning takes three years. The portion of skin thus: Becoming green; 30 days; worked, 10 days; preparation, 50; repetition, 60 days; first pit (double), 200 days; second pit (double), 300 days; third pit (double), 400 days.—St. James Gazette.

Large Shipment of Birds.

Mr. Emil Scheuerman shipped at one time nearly 3,000 birds of several different varieties to New York, from which place they will be exported to Europe. The shipment yesterday comprised sea pigeons and several varieties of terns, varying in size, the largest being about the size of a common pigeon and the smallest about as large as a martin. The prevailing colors of these birds are white and pearl in light and dark shades, the points of the wings and tails being tipped with black. These birds are killed on Sand and Pettibole islands, where they are partly preserved by seven girls employed by Mr. Scheuerman. They are then shipped to this city and the finishing touches are put on according to the most approved methods known to the taxidermists, by Mr. Scheuerman and his assistant, Mrs. Nannie Campbell.

The birds are prepared whole, retaining all the beauty of the plumage. These birds are for use in the millinery's art, being used to adorn the hats and bonnets of fashionable ladies. Some are dyed, while others are used in their natural plumage.

In response to questions, Mr. Scheuerman said he had been engaged in this business for nearly two years, with much success. There are only two other persons engaged in the business in the south, one having headquarters at New Orleans and the other at Charleston. He learned taxidermy from a gentleman who had formerly been connected with the Smithsonian Institute. The business of mounting birds for sale was not a success. He had mounted a great many, but there is no sale for them. Since the 1st of June he has shipped 10,000 birds to New York, and there is a good demand for them.—Mobile Register.

The American Climate.

At the opening of the British association's geographical section President de Winton pointed out that "the effect of climate upon race is somewhat remarkably illustrated by the physique and nerve power of the present race of Americans." Two centuries ago they were the same race as the English, but now the contrast is marked. Our climate, according to the eminent geographer, has given Americans "an individual stamp," and has made a perceptible difference in the outward semblance even in this short space of time. This interesting note of the pronounced effect of climate on race deserved more practical elaboration than Col. de Winton had time to give it. Great Britain has an insular climate with a low barometer, which is relaxing to the human frame. It has been well said that in a heavy atmosphere the elephant would become a comparatively active animal, while in rarefied air he would become dull and heavy. In America atmospheric pressure averages higher than in England. The climate is continental, with more of exhilarating sunlight and more of the element of cold, which, within certain limits, is adjudged by all physiologists to be a powerful tonic and a therapeutic agent of much value. In fact, the chief characteristic of our climate is the excess of its nerve stimulating properties, which, in the colder parts of the country tends to exhaust overworked, ill fed, ill clad and anaemic people. But, on the whole, the Anglo-American race has not fared by natural causes so much as is usual to a continental climate.—New York Herald.

SOCIETIES.

Amity Lodge, No. 8, K. of P.

THE REGULAR MEETINGS OF AMITY LODGE, No. 8, K. of P., Knights of Pythias, are held in Masonic Hall, every Friday evening, commencing at 8 o'clock sharp. All Knights in good standing are fraternally invited to attend. By order of the Chancellor, S. J. HODGKINSON, K. of R. & S.

92-94-96

I. O. O. F.

THURSDAY LODGE, NO. 14, I. O. O. F., in their new hall, west side Sierra Street, near the Golden Eagle Hotel, Reno, Nevada, every Wednesday evening, at 7:30 o'clock. Punctual attendance of members is required. Visiting members in good standing are cordially invited to attend.

J. M. MOOREHEAD, W. M.

F. H. MULLICH, Secretary.

Reno Chapter No. 7, R. A. M.

THE REGULAR CONVOCACTIONS OF RENO CHAPTER, No. 7, R. A. M., are held in Masonic Hall on the evening of the first Thursday in each month, commencing at 7:30 o'clock sharp. Sojourning members in good standing are fraternally invited to attend. By order of the E. B. L. L. O'DONNETT, Secretary.

A. O. U. W.

NEVADA LODGE, NO. 4, A. O. U. W., meets every Tuesday night in Masonic Hall. Visiting brothers are cordially invited to attend. F. M. BELL, W. M. only 25

F. M. BELL, Secretary.

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Which combines all the force of other strong explosives now in use, and the lifting force of the very

BEST PLASTING POWDER,

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JOHN F. LOWE, Sec'y.

ORDINANCE NO. 12,

Of the Town of Reno, Washoe

County, Nevada.

An Ordinance to Further Define the Fire

Limits of the Town of Reno, and

Making Regulations Concerning the

Erection and Use of Buildings in

Said Town.

THE BOARD OF COUNTY COMMISSIONERS

of Washoe county do ordain as follows: SECTION 1. The following described territory is hereby added to the fire limits of the town of Reno, to-wit: Commencing at a point in the center of Sierra and Fourth Streets, thence extending northward with the center of Sierra street to the center of Fifth street, thence easterly with the center of Fifth street to the center of Lake street, thence southerly with the center of Lake street to the center of Fourth street, thence westerly with the center of Fourth street to the place of beginning.

Sec. 2.—That all the provisions of the Ordinance entitled "An Ordinance to Define the Fire Limits of the Town of Reno, and Making Regulations Concerning the Erection and Use of Buildings in said Town," passed June 5, A. D. 1888, shall in all respects be and the same is hereby made applicable to the above described limits.

Passed February 4, A. D. 1890.

Attest: T. V. JULIEN, Clerk.

T. K. HYMERS, Chairman.

JOHN F. STRATTON & SON,

48 & 50 Walker St.,

NEW YORK.

Patent June 5, 81

SUBLINE HARMONIE

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